

DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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CHAPTER XI.

I "Hit the Road."

I DIDN'T exactly faint there, but (blows got all mixed up for me, and when they was straightened out agin I was in a hospital. It seems I had been considerably stepped on in that fight, and three ribs was broke. I was in a plaster cast, and before I got out of that I was in a fever. I was some weeks getting out of there.

I tried to get some word of Dr. Kirby, but couldn't. Nothing had been heard of him or the balloon. The newspapers had had stuff about it for a day or two, and they guessed the body might come to light some time. But that was all. And I didn't know where to hunt now.

The horses and wagon and tent and things worried me some, too. They wasn't mine, and so I couldn't sell 'em. And they wasn't no good to me without Dr. Kirby. So I tells the man that owns the livery stable to use the team for his board and keep till Dr. Kirby calls for it, and if he never does maybe I'll sometime.

I didn't want to stay in that town, or I could of got a job in the livery stable. They offered me one, but I hated that town. I wanted to light out. I didn't care much where to.

Then Blanchet brothers had left a good share of the money we took in at the Baldwin ascension with the hospital people for me before they cleared out. But before I left that there town I seen they was one thing I had to do to make myself easy in my mind. So I done her.

That was to hunt up that feller with his eye in the patch. It took me a week to find him. He lived down near some railroad yards. I might of sonked him with a coupling pin and felt a hell lot better. But I didn't guess it would do to pet and pamper my feelings too much. So I does it with my fists in a quiet place and does it very complete and leaves that town in a cattle car, feeling a hell lot more contented in my mind.

Then they was a hell darn year I didn't stay nowhere very long, not work at any one job too long, neither. I just worked from place to place seeing things—big towns and rivers and mountains. Working here and there, and loafing and riding blind baggage and freight trains between jobs. I covered a lot of ground that year and made some pretty big jumps and got acquainted with some awful queer folks first and last.

But the worst of that is lots of people gets to thinking I am a hobo. Even one or two judges in police courts I got acquainted with had that there idea of me. I always explain that I am not one and am just traveling around to see things and working when I feels like it and ain't no bum. But frequent I am not believed. And two or three different times I gets to the place where I couldn't hardly of told myself from a hobo if I hadn't of known I wasn't one.

I got right well acquainted with a world of them hoboes too. As far as I can see, is no much difference in them as in other humans. Some travel because they likes to see things, and some because they hates to work, and some because they is in the habit and can't stop it. Well, I know myself it's purly bad after awhile to stop it, but where would you stop it? What excuse is they to stop one place more than another? I met all kinds of 'em, and sweet I got in for a week with a couple of real Johnny Yeggs that is both in the pan now. I heard a feller say one time there is some good in every man. I went the same way as them two yeggsman a hell darn week to try and find out where the good in 'em was. I guess they must be some mistake somewhere, for I looked hard and I watched closet and I never found it. They is many kinds of hoboes and tramps, professionals and amateurs, and lots of kinds of bums and lots of young fellers working their way around to see things, like I was, and lots of workingmen in hard luck going from place to place, and all them kinds is humans. But the real yeggman ain't even a dog.

One morning I was in a good sized town in Illinois, not a hundred miles from where I was raised, without no money, and my clothes not much to look at, and no job. I had been with a railroad show for about two weeks, driving stakes and other rough work, and it had went off and left me sleeping on the ground. Circuses never walls for nothing nor cares a darn for no one. I tried all day around town to get some kind of a job and got one loading boxes at a freight depot. Lifting one of them boxes down from the wagon I got such a shock I like to of dropped her.

For she was addressed to Dr. Hartley L. Kirby, Atlanta, Ga.

I managed to get that box onto the platform without busting her, and then I sets down on top of her awful week.

I was tickled. Tickled? Just so tickled, I was plumb foolish with it. The doctor was alive after all. I kept saying it over and over to myself. He hadn't drowned nor blown away.

And I was going to hunt him up.

I calculated I could grab a ride that

every night that would put me into Evansville the next morning. I figured if I ketched a through freight from there on the next night I might get where he was almost as quick as

raced by the place where I was hiding, and night a hundred men with guns swept right into the middle of that square and pulled their hoses up.

CHAPTER XII.

Night Rider Work.

SEVEN feller from the telephone exchange run down the street a little ways as the first rush hit the square and fire his pistol twice. Then he turned and made for an alleyway, but as he turned they let him have it. He threw up his arms and made one long stagger right across the bar of light that stretched out of the window, and he fell into the shadows, out of sight, just like a scorched moth drops dead into the darkness from a torch.

Out of the middle of that bunch of riders come a big voice, yelling numbers, instead of men's names. Then different crowds lit out in all directions—some on foot, while others held their hoses—for they seemed to have a plan laid ahead.

And then things began to happen. They happened so quick and with such a whiz it was all unreal to me—shots and shouts and windows breaking as they blazed away at the store fronts all around the square, and orders and curse words ringing out between the noise of shooting, and with electric lights shining on them as they tossed and trampled, and shouting up masked faces, here and there, and pounding hoofs and horses screaming like humans with excitement, and spurts of flame squirted sudden out of the ring of darkness round about the open place.

From way down along the railroad track they come a sort of blunted roar, like blasting big stumps out, and then another and another. Pretty soon, down that way, a silo flame flicked up the side of a big building there and crooked its tongue over the top. Then a second big building right beside it ketched afire, and they both slowed up in their own light, big and angry and handsome, and the light showed up the men in front of 'em, too—guarding 'em, I guess, for fear the town would get its nerve and make a fight to put 'em out. It was tobacco burning in their warehouses.

But that town had some fight in her in spite of being took unexpected that way. It wasn't no coward town. The light from the burning buildings made all the shadows around about seem all the darker. And every once in awhile, after the surprise of the first rush, they would come out little streaks of fire out of the darkness somewhere and the sound of shots.

And then a gang of riders would gallop in that direction, shooting up all creation. But by the time the warehouses was all lit up so that you could see they was no hope of putting them out the shooting from the darkness had just about stopped.

It looked like them big tobacco warehouses was the main object of the raid. For when they was burning past all chance of saving the leader sings out an order, and all that is not on their horses jumps on, and they ride away from the blaze. You bet I laid low on them boards while they was going by, and flattened myself out till I felt like a slug.

As I heard their hoof sounds getting farther off I lifts up my head again. But they wasn't gone either. Three that must have been up to some particular deviltry of their own come galloping across the square to catch up with the main bunch! Two was quite a bit ahead of the third one, and they only laughed and rode harder.

And then for some fool reason that last feller pulled up his boss and stopped. He stopped in the road right in front of me and wheeled his boss across the road and stood up in his stirrups and took a long look at the blaze. He stood still for most a minute like that, black agin the red sky and then he turned his boss' head and jabbed him with his stirrup edge.

Jest as the boss started they come a shot somewhere behind me. The boss jumped forward at the shot, and the feller averted sideways and dropped his gun and lost his stirrups and come down heavy on the ground. His horse galloped off. I heard the noise of some one running off through the dark and stumbling agin the lumber. It was the feller who had fired the shot running away. I suppose he thought the rest of them riders would come back when they heard that shot and hunt him down. But purty soon I heard them all crossing that plank bridge agin and known they was gone.

At first I guessed the feller on the ground must be dead. But he wasn't, for purty soon I heard him groan. He had mebby been stunned by his fall and was coming too enough to feel his pain.

I didn't feel like be after be left there. So I climb down and went over to him. He was lying on one side all kind of buddled up. There had been a mask on his face, like the rest of them, with some hair on the bottom of it to look like a beard. But now it had slipped down till it hung loose around his neck by the string.

They was enough light to see he wasn't nothing but a young feller. He raised himself slow as I come near him, leaning on one arm, and trying to set up. The other arm hung loose and helpless. Half setting up that-a-way, he made a feel at his belt with his good hand, as I come near. But that good arm was his prop, and when he took it off the ground he fell back. His hand come away empty from his belt.

The big six shooter he had been feeling for wasn't in its holster, anyhow. It had fell out when he tumbled. I picked it up in the road just a few feet from his shotgun and stood there with it in my hand, looking down at him.

"Well," he says, in a drawly kind of voice, "yo' ead finish yo' little job now—yo' shot me from the darkness, and now yo' done got my pistol. I reckon yo' better shoot agin."

"Ro," I says, "you got nerve. I like you, Ro. I didn't shoot you, and I ain't going to. The feller that did has went. I'm going to get you out of this. Where you hurt?"

"Hm," he says, "but that ain't much. The thing that bothers me is this arm. It's done busted. I fell on it."

I drug him out of the road and back

of the lumber pile I had been laying on and butt him considerable a-doing it.

"Now," I says, "what can I do for you?"

"Yo' mighty good to me," says he, "considering yo' are no kin to this here part of the country at all. I reckon by yo' talk yo' are one of them d— Yankees, ain't yo'?"

"That there war was fought forty years ago, but some of them fellers down there don't know d— and Yankees in two words yet, but, shucks! They don't mean no harm by it. So I tell him I am a d— Yankee and ants him again if I can do anything for him."

"Yes," he says, "yo' can tell a friend of mine Bud Davis has happened to an accident and get him over here quick with his wagon to tote me home."

I was to go down the railroad track past them burning warehouses till I come to the third street and then turn to my left. The third house from the track has got an iron picket fence in front of it," says Bud, "and it's the only house in that part of town which Beauregard People lives there. He is kin to me."

"Yes," I says, "and Beauregard is just as likely as not going to take a shot at me."

"He won't shoot," says Bud, "if yo' go about it right. Beauregard ain't going to be asleep with all this going on in town tonight. Yo' rattle on the iron gate and he'll holler to know what yo' all want."

"If he don't shoot first," I says.

"When he hollers yo' cry back at him yo' have found his old dead horse in the road. It won't hurt to holler that loud, and that will make him let you within talking distance."

"His old dead horse!"

"Yo' don't need to know what that is. He will."

And then Bud told me enough of the signs and words to say and things to do to keep Beauregard from shooting, he said he reckoned he had trusted 'im so much he might as well go the hell hog. Beauregard, says, belongs to them riders too.

I made a long half circle around them burning buildings, keeping in the dark, till people was coming out in bunches, now that it was all over, with watching them fire burning and talking excited and saying the riders should be hollered not only for clearing.

I found the house. Bud meant, and they was a light in the second story window. I rattled on the gate and after a lot of talk told Beauregard what I wanted.

"Come on in," he says.

He shut the door behind us and lit a lamp agin. And we looked each other over. He was a scrawny little feller, with little gray eyes set near together and some sandy complexion, whiskers on his chin. I told him about Bud and what his fix was. He said:

"I don't see how on earth I kin do it. My wife's jest had a baby. Do yo' hear that?"

And I did hear a sound like kittens mewling, somewhere upstairs.

"Yes," I says, "you better stay with it. Lend me a rig of some sort and I'll take Bud home."

So we went out to Beauregard's stable with a lantern and hitched up one of his horses to a light road wagon. He went into the house and come back again with a mattress for Bud to lie on and a part of a bottle of whisky, and I drove back to that lumber pile. I guess I nearly killed Bud getting him into there. But he wasn't bleeding much from his hip—it was his arm was giving him fits.

We went slow, and the dawn broke with us four miles out of town. It was broad daylight and early morning hollers stirring everywhere when we drove up in front of an old farmhouse, with big brick chimney built on the outside of it, a couple of miles farther on.

As I drove into the yard a bareheaded old nigger with a lame leg thrown down in a awful of wood he was gathering and went limping up to the ramp as fast as he could. He bawled out:

"Oh, Mars' Wiliyoun! Oh, Miss Lucy! Dey've bring him home! Dat he?"

A little, bright, black eyed old lady like a wren comes running out of the house and chirps:

"Oh, Bud! Oh, my honey boy! Is he dead?"

"I reckon not. Miss Lucy," says Bud, raising himself up on the mattress as she runs up to the wagon, and trying to act like everything was all a joke. She was jest high enough to kiss him over the edge of the wagon box. A worried looking old gentleman come out the door, seen Bud and his mother kissing each other, and then says to the old nigger man:

"Take the boy more quick and go for Dr. Porter, George." Then he comes to the wagon and says:

"So they got yo', Bud? You would go night riding like a rowdy and a thug? Are yo' much hurt?"

He said it easy and gentle, more than mad. But Bud, he flushed up pale as he was, and didn't answer his dad direct. He turned to his mother and said:

"Miss Lucy, dear, it would 'a' done yo' heart good to see the way them trust warehouses blazed up!"

And the old lady, smiling and crying both at once, says, "God bless her brave boy!" But the old gentleman looked mighty serious, and his worry settled into a frown between his eyes, and he turns to me and says:

"Yo' must pardon us, sir, fo' neglecting to thank yo' sooner." I told him that would be all right for him not to worry none. And him and me and Mandy, which was the nigger cook, got Bud into the house and into his bed. And after quite a while George gets back with Dr. Porter.

He gets Bud's arm and he locates the bullet in him, and he says he guesses he'll do in a few weeks if nothing like blood poisoning nor gangrene nor inflammation sets in.

I eat my breakfast with the old gentleman, and then I took a sleep until time for dinner. They wouldn't bear of me leaving that night. I fully intended to go on the next day, but before I knew it I been there a couple of days and have a very well acquainted with that family.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Well, that was a house divided agin itself. Miss Lucy she is awful favorit to all this night rider business."

She would of like to been a night rider herself, but the old man be-says law and order is the main point.

"But you says Miss Lucy is herself."

The old man says the Kukluxes was working for a principle—the principle of keeping the white supremacy on top of the nigger race, fur if you let 'em quit work and go around balloting and voting it won't do. It makes 'em biggit, and a biggit nigger is laying up trouble for himself, because sooner or later he will get to thinking he is as good as one of these here Anglo-Saxons you are always hearing so much talk about down south.

He was a very quiet, peaceable old man, Mr. Davis was, and Bud says he was a born foolab about law and order he had to up and shoot a man about fifteen years ago who been him talking that-a-way and said he reminded him of a Boston school teacher.

But Miss Lucy and Bud they tell me what all them night riders is fur. It seems this here tobacco trust is just as mean and low down and unprincipled as all the rest of them trusts. The farmers around there raised considerable tobacco—more'n they did of anything else. The trust paid aboyd the price so low they couldn't hardly make a living. So they organized and said they would all hold their tobacco for a fair price. But some of the farmers wouldn't organize—said they had a right to do what they pleased with their own tobacco. So the night riders was formed to burn their barns and ruin their crops and whip 'em and shoot 'em and make 'em run, and also to burn a few trust warehouses now and then.

So far as I could see they hadn't hurt the trust none to speak of, them night riders, but they had done considerable damage to their own country. fur folks was moving away, and the price of land had fell. Still, I guess, they must of got considerable satisfaction out of mislusing the deacons that-a-way, and sometimes that is worth a hell lot to a seller. As far as I could make out both the trust and the night riders was in the wrong.

I asks George, one day what he thought about it. George, he got mighty serious right off. Like he felt his answer was going to be used to decide the hell thing by. He was carrying a lot of scraps on a plate to a bound dog that had a kennel out near George's cabin, and he walked his eyes right thoughtful, and scratched his head with the fork he had been scraping the plate with, but for awhile nothing come of it. Finally George says:

"Ise spec' rub Judgement des about do same as Mars' Wiliyoun's an' Miss Lucy's. Ise notice hit most loggin'ly an' do stave."

"That can't be, George," says I, "fur they look different ways."

"Des' it dat am do case," says George, "dat ain't no kin settle hit twall hit sattles hitself."

Then he told me about the war and the Kukluxes, and he said:

"Den arter do Kukluxes day was do time Miss Lucy Buckner gwine ter be ma' by Mars' Prent McAlpin. An' she don't want to ma' by him, if day give her her brothers about hit. But ol' Mars' Kunnel Hampton, her grampa, and her aunt, my Miss Lucy byab, day al'nt gwine to give her no brothers. And day was no' gwine on. But dat settle hitself too."

George he begins to chuckle, and I ast him how.

"Tess, ab, dat settle hitself. But I spec' Miss Lucy Buckner

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Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, July 19, 1913.

The tax rate of the city of Sisico, Mass., this year will be \$20.50 on a \$1000. Newporters would kick at that rate.

Authors and college professors in it with the Administration. It is well, in this line of appointments the President has acted wisely.

The Providence Journal is happy. President Mellon has resigned from the presidency of the New Haven road and the Journal says "I did it."

The Turks can look on with smiling faces and see the Balkan Allies killing themselves off by the thousands in their fight over the division of the spoils.

The thermometer in some parts of the middle West this week registered 112°. At the same time it was snowing in New Mexico. This is certainly some country.

Gov. Ross of Massachusetts, it is now said on good authority, will run independent for Governor this fall. Well Ross has tried all the parties, he might as well have one of his own now.

The leading senators say that there will be no currency legislation at this session of Congress. It is well that it should be so unless we can have a better measure than that proposed by Wilson and Bryan.

Bryan says he cannot live on his salary of twelve thousand a year and therefore must go to lecturing to get more money. pity about Bryan. If he can't live on his salary why don't he resign? Nobody would weep.

Bryan now says while he might possibly escape through on twelve thousand a year, but being of a frugal turn of mind he wants to lay up ten thousand a year, therefore he cashes out Uncle Sam's salary with a little side money to do it.

In Illinois where the women have the full right of the ballot, many women would not go to the polls, because they could not dress as well as some of their sister neighbors. In one town it was a regular dress parade and only those who had the glad rags came out to vote.

Georgia has just elected a United States senator under the new law. But as they allow no opposing party in the South it made little difference whether Senator Bacon was re-elected under the new law or the old. The papers say he was elected unanimously. That was to be expected.

It is now proposed to enlarge the parcels post zones. The first is to be extended from 50 to 150 or 200 miles, and the charge will be 5 cents for the first pound and half a cent for additional pounds. A 200 mile zone for Newport would take in all New England and a large part of New York State.

There is an almost unanimous belief among business men that, after the passage of the Wilson free trade bill, there will be a general contraction of business throughout the country. But let it come, the party in power is bound to pass the bill, so the quicker we know the worse the better.

Naval outlays are growing in the United States. The approaching completion of the Panama Canal points to a good deal of foreign travel for the nearly 60,000 men on American fleets. There is probably no better chance for a poor boy to see the world than by enlisting in Uncle Sam's Navy.

The Sherman act is supposed to be intended to prevent combinations in restraint of trade, and yet all the railroads of the country have combinations by which rates of fare are kept up regardless of the Sherman act. No road dare make a rate without consulting all the other lines in the same territory.

Much to the disgust of the faithful the President has appointed another college professor, to a foreign berth. This time it is Prof. Relbach of the University of Wisconsin who has been appointed Minister to China. If this thing does not stop soon the party workers will have little chance to shun foreign parts at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Some of the great powers of Europe are asking the Washington Administration, what are you going to do about Mexico? They virtually say to Uncle Sam step in and reduce Mexico to good behavior or stand back and let us do it. The situation is plainly up to President Wilson, but Bryan his chief lieutenant has gone lecturing, so the affairs of nations must wait.

Canada is growing rapidly and much of its immigration is coming from the United States. It is a good class of population. In return for which we are getting much of the off-shoring of the world. Canada is not blessed with so much muck-making as the United States has had for the past four years. Neither has she a Roosevelt to upset things, nor a free trade party that would kill home production and invite foreign competition. Unless this country falls a fault soon the biting from the States to some other climate will be more pronounced than ever.

The Perry Centennial.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

All along the southern shores of Lake Erie, and particularly near its eastern end, there is being celebrated the 100th anniversary of an event at once glorious for American valor and protective of the new nation, the victory of Commodore Perry over the British fleet. It has been overshadowed by the great celebration at Gettysburg, and yet, small as the event was in comparison with the tremendous struggle and the vital interests at stake at Gettysburg half a century ago, this little naval battle on Lake Erie a full century ago was of crucial importance, and deeds of valor were performed there which nothing during the three days of struggle at Gettysburg exceeded.

There are striking similarities in the situation when these two events occurred. The victory at Gettysburg came after a long list of defeats of the Eastern army. Jealousy, frequent changes of commanders, and excessive fluidity of the war authorities at Washington about the safety of the capital had so hampered and restrained the freedom of movement of the commanders in the field, that results were not secured. The people were disengaged, and the invasion of Pennsylvania plunged them into gloom. Then came the victory, contemporaneously with the capture of Vicksburg by Grant, and gloom was changed to rejoicing, and lack of confidence to belief in the successful ending of the war. The situation at the time of Perry's great victory was much the same.

On land the British armies had been uniformly successful. There was great discouragement. In some quarters the war had never been popular. Only the brilliant victories of the American Navy at sea had served to prolong it and give us hope of success.

It was at this low status that Perry undertook his great task of ending the British domination of our whole northern border by their control of the lakes. With but little more aid from Congress than its blessing, he built a fleet of vessels, manned it with men he recruited and drilled and inspired with his own dauntless spirit. The history of his trials and discouragements while creating his victorious fleet out of nothing is at once a glorious and a humiliating one. At last he was ready, and after a brilliant conflict with a superior fleet, whose details will ever illuminate the pages of American history, he flashed that great message: "We have met the enemy, and he is ours," and revived the fallen spirit of a disengaged nation. Gettysburg means more to us now as a reunited nation, but Perry and his wonderful achievement on Lake Erie meant much 100 years ago in the shaping of the destiny of the country. There was much of the crucial significance of Gettysburg in it, and it is an anniversary deserving all the attention that is being given it on this 100th occurrence. We can not have too many of these occasions which remind us by what feats of patriotism and valor we have become the mighty nation we are.

A Monument to Fremont.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

In response to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. White of Swansea, formerly of this town, eighteen members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church left at 8:30 to go by trolley to Swansea. Upon their arrival in Swansea, Mr. White met the party with a carriage to convey them to his residence, where they spent the day. Dinner was served on the lawn and later Mr. White arranged a number to see the surrounding country. The party returned home about seven o'clock.

Mr. William T. Harvey of Saylesville is visiting his brother, Charles Harvey of Power Street.

Miss Fidus Macomber and Miss Margaret Holman have gone to Winslow, Maine, to visit Rev. and Mrs. Osborn Hoffman.

During the vacation of Mrs. John M. Eldredge, Miss Lilian Wheeler has charge of the work at the Social Studio.

Mr. S. Alfred Patterson accompanied by his mother is visiting Mrs. William Burke.

Mrs. Thomas Holman is entertaining her sister, Mrs. George H. Breed and Mr. Breed of Genesee, Ill., and Professor and Mrs. Bertram A. Albro of Medina, Pa.

Commodore Frederick Webb of the New York Yacht Club has gone to Martha's Vineyard for a week's cruise on his yacht "Saint." He was accompanied by several guests.

The ambassador will hurry north on a battleship from Vera Cruz, if any delay would be entailed by waiting for a commercial steamer. Officials here believe that the almost total interruption of railroad traffic between Mexico City and the United States will force the ambassador to make his trip by water. He is not expected here before July 23 at the earliest.

It is believed in official and diplomatic circles that an important announcement of the attitude of the United States in the pending situation will follow the ambassador's conference with the president and secretary of state. The president's action, following closely the unofficial announcement that some of the foreign powers which have already recognized the Huerta government were pressing for some indication of this government's attitude toward the continued disorders in Mexico, leads to that belief.

A large number of bills were ordered paid.

In Probate Court the foreign will of Alvarez S. Burlingame of Attleboro, Mass., was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of William H. Thomas, executor of the will of Charles G. Thomas, was allowed and ordered recorded.

Arthur Lédoix was appointed administrator of the estate of Stanislas Lédoix, bond, \$600.—Edward Brophy of Tiverton surety, Alfred Lédoix, Ubéric Lédoix and Thomas J. Jackson, appraisers.

Margaret L. Slack, guardian of Frank L. Slack, was allowed not to exceed \$15.—per month for support of the family of her ward and \$1500 for purchase of furniture.

An Annoying Speed Limit.

An old man of nearly eighty years walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first employer—how long has Got-rox's box worked to your office? Second employer—About half an hour. He has been with us six months now.—Judge."

First Employer—How long has Got-rox's box worked to your office?

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Too Much Interference With Business.

The following article was forth with clarity the true situation of affairs in this country: Some people are working to how much progress the Democrats have made as a minority party in this country towards winning the confidence of a majority of the voters. Some will be heard saying that the Administration is losing the confidence of the people so far as it ever had it. But the real fact is that the government has lost confidence in the people.

The government proposes to take the management of banks away from the people who own them and to give the stockholders from themselves. The government proposes to dictate how the railroad stockholders shall make their investments, what extensions the railroads should make and how they should expend the money paid to on capital account. The government distrust of the people will in time defeat the object of the government.

The government must start out early to review the tariff and then convince the commercial and manufacturing interests that it has been their best friend and given them a new spirit of liberty and "New Freedom"—a freedom to do business somewhere else.

Unless this tariff matter is quickly adjusted the business world will be up in arms against the government, and there will not be time enough during the remaining term fairly to try out the new tariff, in fact it can scarcely be tried out now before the next congressional campaign begins.

There is a growing antagonism to the government which probably not only to take both deposits and capital out of New York, but plainly indicates from Washington, "We don't even want any protest or any suggestion from you concerning the management of your own property. We will take your property and experiment with it in the banking business. If not successful, we may give it back to you in somewhat battered and shattered form, or perhaps we will confer with you, but at present you may throw up your hands, stand and deliver, and keep your mouth shut!"

The bankers have very nearly reached the point where they must throw up their hands. The government has no confidence in them. The people who have been trusted with the money of the country are not to be trusted by the government. The result is likely to be the reversal of the old phrase: "Confidence for confidence" into "Distrust for distrust."

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

In response to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. White of Swansea, formerly of this town, eighteen members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church left at 8:30 to go by trolley to Swansea. Upon their arrival in Swansea, Mr. White met the party with a carriage to convey them to his residence, where they spent the day.

Dinner was served on the lawn and later Mr. White arranged a number to see the surrounding country. The party returned home about seven o'clock.

Mr. William T. Harvey of Saylesville is visiting his brother, Charles Harvey of Power Street.

Miss Fidus Macomber and Miss Margaret Holman have gone to Winslow, Maine, to visit Rev. and Mrs. Osborn Hoffman.

During the vacation of Mrs. John M. Eldredge, Miss Lilian Wheeler has charge of the work at the Social Studio.

Mr. S. Alfred Patterson accompanied by his mother is visiting Mrs. William Burke.

Mrs. Thomas Holman is entertaining her sister, Mrs. George H. Breed and Mr. Breed of Genesee, Ill., and Professor and Mrs. Bertram A. Albro of Medina, Pa.

Commodore Frederick Webb of the New York Yacht Club has gone to Martha's Vineyard for a week's cruise on his yacht "Saint." He was accompanied by several guests.

The ambassador will hurry north on a battleship from Vera Cruz, if any delay would be entailed by waiting for a commercial steamer. Officials here believe that the almost total interruption of railroad traffic between Mexico City and the United States will force the ambassador to make his trip by water. He is not expected here before July 23 at the earliest.

It is believed in official and diplomatic circles that an important announcement of the attitude of the United States in the pending situation will follow the ambassador's conference with the president and secretary of state. The president's action, following closely the unofficial announcement that some of the foreign powers which have already recognized the Huerta government were pressing for some indication of this government's attitude toward the continued disorders in Mexico, leads to that belief.

A large number of bills were ordered paid.

In Probate Court the foreign will of Alvarez S. Burlingame of Attleboro, Mass., was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of William H. Thomas, executor of the will of Charles G. Thomas, was allowed and ordered recorded.

Arthur Lédoix was appointed administrator of the estate of Stanislas Lédoix, bond, \$600.—Edward Brophy of Tiverton surety, Alfred Lédoix, Ubéric Lédoix and Thomas J. Jackson, appraisers.

Margaret L. Slack, guardian of Frank L. Slack, was allowed not to exceed \$15.—per month for support of the family of her ward and \$1500 for purchase of furniture.

An Annoying Speed Limit.

An old man of nearly eighty years walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first employer—how long has Got-rox's box worked to your office?

Second employer—About half an hour. He has been with us six months now.—Judge."

Canada is growing rapidly and much

of its immigration is coming from the United States. It is a good class of

population. In return for which we

are getting much of the off-shoring of

the world. Canada is not blessed with

so much muck-making as the United

States has had for the past four years.

Neither has she a Roosevelt to upset

things, nor a free trade party that

would kill home production and invite

foreign competition. Unless this country falls a fault soon the biting from

the States to some other climate will be more pronounced than ever.

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Canada is growing rapidly and much

SELLER'S FIRST BACKWARD STEP

Savers All Connection With New England Transportation

QUIT NEW HAVEN PRESIDENCY

Resignation Will Take Effect Not Later Than First of Next October—Four-Line Typewritten Announcement All That Is Supplied to the Press—Elliott May Succeed Him

New York, July 18.—Charles S. Mellen tendered his resignation as president of the New Haven road and all its subsidiary companies at a meeting of the directors in this city. It is expected that Howard Elliott, who succeeded Mellen as president of the Northern Pacific railroad in 1903, will succeed him as head of the New Haven.

The directors adjourned the meeting at 5:40 last evening. The first intimation of what had happened inside came with this announcement from Mellen, given out by Edward C. Riggs, his executive assistant.

"Mr. Mellen, at a meeting of his board of directors today, offered his resignation of the presidency of the New Haven road and all its subsidiary companies, to take effect at the pleasure of the board, but, in any event, not later than Oct. 1, 1918."

The four-line typewritten explanation of what had happened was handed to the newspaper men about 6 o'clock. The reporters at once besieged Mellen's private office in the Grand Central terminal building. His secretary came back, saying Mellen would have no further explanation of his withdrawal.

When it was explained that, in view of his own statement issued last week that he would not get out of the New Haven, some statement from him as to his reasons for resigning were looked for, Mellen sent for Riggs. After a five-minute conference Riggs came out and said Mellen had "flatly refused to add anything to what he had already authorized him to give to the press."

After slipping out of his office by a private exit, in order to avoid interviewers, Mellen went to the Hotel Belmont, where he took a room for the night. He took every precaution to save himself from adding a syllable to his laconic statement.

He gave instructions to the office downstairs to bar all newspaper men and careful orders were left with the telephone operator to censor all the phone calls.

All efforts to find out what directors were at the meeting were unsuccessful. It was said, however, that "practically the full board" was present. There are twenty-three directors. Mellen, it is said, presided. The meeting of the directors will be continued today.

Mellen's resignation from the presidency of the Maine Central, Boston and Maine and New Haven roads marks the first backward step which he has taken since he started in the railroad business forty-four years ago.

His action of yesterday brought to an end a ten-year service as president of the New Haven road which opened with great promise of hope for the development of New England.

A New England man, his election to the presidency of the New Haven was expected to bring back to New England the control of a great railroad which was at that time rapidly passing into the hands of the Pennsylvania railroad interests. Mellen wrested that control from the Pennsylvania interests, but New England gained little.

Mellen turned control of the road over to the New York firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and throughout his administration he has been recognized as the representative of that New York firm.

With the presidency of the New Haven in his grip and with the Morgan interests at his back, Mellen sought to bring about complete control of the entire transportation interests of New England.

In an effort to realize his one great ambition—laws of the state of Massachusetts were violated or disregarded. In direct opposition to the established policy of the state, a majority of the stock of the Boston and Maine was acquired by Mellen as the representative of the Morgan interests and transferred to a citizen of Connecticut, to be put out of the reach of the laws of Massachusetts.

Trolley lines were purchased, steamship lines were taken over, and later the Boston and Albany, with its through route to the west, came under the control of the New Haven and the master hand of Mellen.

In spite of continued protests of governors, legislators and men of affairs, the personal ambition of Mellen to bring within his control the entire transportation system of this section of the country triumphed.

With the taking over of the Albany his mastery of the situation was made complete. And then, with "no more world to conquer," the final and complete disintegration of his powers came swiftly.

Countess Cowley Granted Divorce London, July 18.—Countess Cowley, who has figured conspicuously in the divorce courts, was granted a divorce from Earl Cowley. The suit was undefended.

Rutland Marble Plant Burns Rutland, Vt., July 18.—The entire plant of Temple Bros., marble cutters, was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$85,000.

CHARLES S. MELLEN

Long a Leading Figure in the Railroad World



RAILROADS' GRIEVANCES

Trainmen Declare Consideration of Them Must Be Delayed

New York, July 18.—The 80,000 trainmen and conductors who threaten a strike against the eastern railroads will not agree under any circumstances to have the roads' grievances arbitrated at the same time as the men's demands for better wages under the Newlands amendment to the Erdman act, according to a statement issued last night by W. G. Lee and A. B. Garretson, presidents respectively of the Trainmen's and Conductors' brotherhoods.

The attitude of the trainmen and conductors was declared to be that the roads are honorably bound to dispose of the employees' demands for better wages and leave to a later time the settlement of the roads' grievances.

BAD SALMON THROWN INTO THE OCEAN

Seven Hundred Cases Found Below Pure Food Standard

Boston, July 18.—Seven hundred cases of canned salmon from Alaska, consigned to a Boston concern, were dumped overboard outside the three-mile limit by United States officers because it was below the standard set by the pure food laws.

Deputy United States Marshal Ruth with two bailiffs took the salmon, which consisted of 33,600 cans, out a tug outside the Brewsters, where it was thrown overboard.

Last week several hundred cases from the same lot were thrown, but the salmon did not burn very well.

QUICK TREATMENT NEEDED

Eight Children Bitten by Dog Found to Have Been Mad

Boston, July 18.—The state board of health reported last night that the dog which bit eight children in Wilmington and Andover last Sunday was suffering with rabies. To the authorities of Wilmington and Andover this means that to save the children who were bitten with hydrophobia they must at once undergo the Pasteur treatment.

The children are under the care of physicians in Boston, Wilmington and Andover. Most of them were severely bitten about the face. Face bites, physicians say, require the quickest and fullest treatment.

MRS. CAUKIN'S DISTINCTION

First Woman to Get Post of Receiver in Land Office

San Francisco, July 17.—With the affixing of President Wilson's signature, Mrs. Grace Caukin of Sonoma, Cal., will become the first woman receiver of a United States land office.

Mrs. Caukin, who was an active member of the woman's committee of the Democratic state central committee during the last presidential campaign, received word from Washington that her appointment had been confirmed by the senate. The income from the office is \$1500 a year.

YANKEE MILLS BANKRUPT

Hartford, July 17.—The Yankee Woolen company has met with disaster because of the uncertainty of the Democratic tariff bill, according to what was said in the United States court, where a voluntary petition in bankruptcy was filed.

IS SPARED HUMILIATION

Aged Murderer Goes Without Guard to Begin Term in Prison

Little Rock, July 18.—Thomas Tiner, 60 years old, convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, came to Little Rock from Randolph county, unaccompanied, to begin serving his sentence.

To spare the aged man the humiliation of leaving his home under guard the Randolph county authorities appointed Tiner his own custodian on the journey to prison.

STRIKE CLOSES FALL RIVER MILL

Fall River, Mass., July 18.—The Borden American Printing company was shut down by the strike of sixty foremen, and 1500 employees were thrown out of work.

Rutland Marble Plant Burns

Rutland, Vt., July 18.—The entire plant of Temple Bros., marble cutters, was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$85,000.

CUT OFF FROM FOOD SUPPLY

Bulgarian Army Now Running Risk of Starving

ENEMIES' FORCES CLOSING IN

Roumanian Advance Continues Unopposed, While Greeks and Serbs Are Active—Ottoman Troops Beyond Turkish Boundary Established by Treaty—Christians in Flight

London, July 18.—Greek, Servian and Roumanian armies are rapidly closing in on Bulgaria. From Belgrade came an official report that the Serbs stormed Jilkalik, Kirkusten-dil, yesterday, routing the Bulgarian right wing. The casualties were enormous, it was stated.

The advance of the Roumanians continues unopposed, and the Bulgarians sank two torpedo boats and their steamers in the Danube to prevent the Roumanians from capturing them. King Charles, the 74-year-old monarch of Roumania, has gone to the front.

Roumania has made no official declaration as to how far her troops will advance, but the powers believe the line bounding the territory King Charles claims as a reward for neutrality in the Turk-Balkan war will not be crossed.

The Roumanians yesterday took possession of the cable station at Varna on the Black sea, and thus control communication with Sebastopol. As the railway between the coast and Sofia also has been cut, Bulgaria cannot communicate with the outside world except through Servia and Roumania. The railway is the only route over which provisions can be brought to Sofia from abroad, and the Bulgarian army, therefore, runs the risk of starving.

Advices from Sofia declare Thracian Christians are fleeing toward Bulgarian territory before the advance of Turkish troops. The Ottoman troops are advancing in three columns and reports say one division is already seventy miles beyond the Ereg-Medja line, the new boundary of Turkey established by the London treaty.

King Ferdinand has personally telegraphed to King Charles that Bulgaria is ready to negotiate terms of settlement with Roumania.

A MODERN JONAH

Whaler Held in Mouth of Great Mammoth For Half an Hour

New Bedford, Mass., July 15.—Bringing a modern Jonah in the person of First Mate Zack de Lux, a husky Argentine, the three-masted whaling schooner Ellen A. Swift, commanded by Captain Dunham of this city, returned to port after a voyage filled with an unusually large number of experiences.

De Lux, before he had been mate of the vessel and while he was boat steersman on one of the small whale boats used to approach the mammoth mammal, was held a captive in a huge mouth for nearly half an hour, his unconscious form being split out onto the water only when the whale died and his giant jaws relaxed.

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NOT WANTED IN LONDON

Vaudeville and Sporting World Bar Jack Johnson, "At Any Price"

London, July 17.—Both the vaudeville and sporting world in London refuse to have any dealings with Jack Johnson, who, it is reported, has been seeking an engagement here.

While one house which was rumored to have engaged his services refused to affirm or deny the report, other managers declared they would not take Johnson on "at any price."

DECREE NISI GRANTED

Cornwallis-West Divorced by Former Lady Randolph Churchill

London, July 16.—A decree nisi was granted by the divorce court to Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph S. Churchill, a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York.

The grounds for the granting of the decree were statutory, desertion and misconduct.

DEUS WHILE OFFERING PRAYER

Milwaukee, Me., July 17.—Services at the Congregational church were abruptly terminated last evening when Henry Folsom, aged 84, fell to the floor, dead, in the act of offering a prayer. Doctors pronounced death due to heart failure.

BRIDGES IS BRITISH LAUREATE

London, July 17.—The new British poet laureate is Dr. Robert Bridges, who was appointed by Premier Asquith to succeed the late Alfred Austin.

ABOLISHES PLURAL VOTING

London, July 15.—The bill to abolish plural voting at elections in the British Isles passed its third reading in the house of commons last night.

WALSH ESTATE SHRINKAGE

Estimated at \$15,000,000 in 1895, It Is Now Valued at \$45,000

Chicago, July 17.—The estate of John R. Walsh, whose fortune was estimated at \$15,000,000 before the failure of his banks in 1905, has shrunk to \$15,000, according to the attorney for the administratrix, who appeared before the board of review.

The estate had been assessed at \$150,000 but the lawyer asserted that more than two-thirds of the property is insolvent and \$105,000 was cut from the valuation.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent dry, thin and falling hair, allay itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoo with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford a most effective and economical treatment. A single set is often sufficient.

Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T. Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

TURNED INTO THE STREET

Fifteen Ipswich Strikers and Their Families Evicted by Sheriff

Ipswich, Mass., July 15.—Fifteen families of strikers at the Ipswich mills were evicted from cottages owned by the mills. The tenants had been given three months' notice to leave the cottages and the time expired yesterday.

Deputy Sheriff Briggs and Raymond conducted the evictions. They had a strenuous time of it, as most of the families let them move the furnishings to the street, stoves, beds and all. They were hot and jugged before they were at it an hour.

What surprised the deputies most was the passiveness with which many of the evicted families accepted the edict. The Greek and Polish mothers, surrounded by children, stood around and feared at the men who were dismantling their homes.

LONG STATE BOULEVARD

New Hampshire to Have Highway to White Mountains

Manchester, N. H., July 18.—Governor Felker and his council yesterday completed all arrangements for the construction of a state boulevard that will reach from the base of the White mountains to the Massachusetts line and will be one of the finest highways in the country when completed.

The advance of the Roumanians continues unopposed, and the Bulgarians sank two torpedo boats and their steamers in the Danube to prevent the Roumanians from capturing them.

Roumania has made no official declaration as to how far her troops will advance, but the powers believe the line bounding the territory King Charles claims as a reward for neutrality in the Turk-Balkan war will not be crossed.

State Engineer Hooker says the work of construction will begin next week.

REFLECTS GREAT BUSINESS GROWTH

United States Treasury Handled

\$7,071,520,000 Last Year

Washington, July 17.—The United States treasury handled in actual cash during the fiscal year ended June 30 the sum of \$7,071,520,000, breaking all previous records and stamping the federal treasury as the greatest banking institution in the world.

Reflecting the tremendous growth of the government's business, this high record, including income, outgo and operations within the treasury, exceeded the cash transactions of the previous year by \$169,700,000 and those of three years ago by \$1,478,826,000.

MAY BE TOTAL LOSS

Ship With Explorers Bound to Crockerland Is Fast-Aground

St. Johns, July 18.—The Newfoundland revenue cutter Stella Marie is rushing north to the Strait of Belle Isle to render assistance to the McMillan exploration party on board the steamer Diana, bound for Crockerland, which, it is feared, will be a total loss, she having gone aground at Barge Point.

The Diana sailed from Boston on July 6 and after a stop at Sydney, N. S., sailed for the north on July 12.

The expedition was sent out by the American Geographical Society and the American Museum of Natural History of New York. The explorers are under command of Donald B. McMillan. They planned to remain three years in Crockerland.

PRINCE RENOUNCES TITLE TO WED VIENNA

Vienna, July 18.—In order to marry a Viennese actress, Prince Nicholas of Thurn and Taxis has renounced his title and after marriage will start life as a farmer in Texas.

FEDERAL SUFFRAGE PAPER PLANNED

SIRES AND SONS.

M. Schoubine, recently elected mayor of St. Petersburg, was at one time president of the embryo of the capital. Ex-Mayor Whitney of Brooklyn, who is in his eighty-fifth year, goes to his office every morning at 8 o'clock, exactly as he has been doing for three-quarters of a century.

Mario B. Menocal, president of Cuba, is regarded as a strong, progressive man and is well known as an able army officer, having risen to the position of major general.

Patrick MacGill, assistant in the royal library at Windsor castle, has been from a railroad navy or section band through his own efforts and has gained considerable notice as a poet. He was born in the north of Ireland.

John Henkle, oldest purser of the Atlantic, has ended his career after traveling 2,604,000 miles by water. He has crossed the equator 420 times and has been at sea for forty-seven years. Henkle is a native of Scotland and during his career has been purser on some twenty steamships.

Brigadier General Frederick A. Smith, just retired from active service, is an old Indian fighter. He served in campaigns on the western frontier in Arizona, the Dakotas and Nevada. Later he served in the Philippines and in Cuba. General Smith is a native of New York. He graduated from West Point in 1873.

Train and Track.

The Prussian-Russian railway system is the largest government owned and operated system in the world.

The United States has 62,000 more miles of railway than all Europe. This excess would reach twice about the world.

The street car development of St. Petersburg is surprisingly belated. With over 2,000,000 inhabitants it has only about fifty miles of street car lines.

Vice President T. E. Byrnes of the New York, New Haven and Hartford predicts that within two years trains will run between New York and Boston in less than four hours.

Foreign Affairs.

With three kings, three queens, a pair and a royal bush, Germany has been hitting the high banks of international.

Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In return for concessions on the Persian gulf Great Britain proposes to give Germany the African possessions of Portugal. John Bull's generosity is simply appalling. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For King George to take advantage of the death of Alfred Austin to abolish the poet laureate would be revolutionary. English poets might all turn republicans by way of revenge. — New York World.

Woman's World.

Eighty per cent of the working girls of New York take home their sealed pay envelopes to their parents.

Thirty-two years ago women were admitted to the Massachusetts bar to practice as "lawyers" on an equality with men. Today of the 2,800 lawyers in the Boston directory only sixty are women.

American women living in London have their own group, known as the Society of Women in London. The club has its clubhouse and through its various committees makes its influence felt in art, education and philanthropy.

Household Hints.

If food is wrapped well in oiled paper it will not impart flavor or odor to the other foodstuffs in the refrigerator.

Never keep rhubarb and yeast in stone crocks or jugs. Their acids attack the glazing, which is said to be poisonous. Glass is better.

When making aprons, especially those to be used in doing housework, do not forget a large pocket. It will save many a step in dusting and picking up.

Linings for clothes baskets insure the clothes being kept clean. These linings are of unbleached muslin just the shape of the basket and tied into place with tapes.

Current Comment.

There is to be a statue of Queen Victoria in Washington. But why overlook George III? He had a great deal to do with the making of the revolution. — Louisville Times.

My countrymen, what a fall was theirs for eugenics when it was learned that the mother of the perfect baby which drew a prize of \$1,000 is a cripple. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

It was Daniel Webster who said, "If I were shut out of the Astor House I would never go to New York again." And now the Astor House has gone, and he never will. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

England's Suffrage War.

The most doleful sound from the toads is the threat of the English suffragettes to blow up Westminster abbey. — Atlanta Constitution.

The prudent Englishmen now look under blits before sitting down to dinner and under his bed before going to sleep. — Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The right little, right little Island on the other side of the sea appears at present to be in a right little, right little mess with its fighting women. — Chicago Tribune.

Indian Tribes.

There are 200 Indian tribes in existence in the United States.

Ancient Greek Athletes.

The athletes of ancient Greece trained on a diet of new cheese, eggs and baked gruel. Their sole drink was warm water, and meat was never eaten.

Perilous Chewing.

One of the troubles of most European armies is that those soldiers who can get hold of it insist on using that terrible explosive cordite as if it were a sort of chewing gum. Its popularity is due to the fact that when chewed in small quantities it has a stimulating and exhilarating effect, like small doses of alcohol. Its taste, too, is sweet, cordite being three-fifths nitroglycerin, an explosive which is sugar to the taste. When chewed in large quantities cordite becomes more powerful in its effects, bringing on a blissful state of ecstasy and sometimes making the victim of the habit see visions. But the real danger of the habit lies in the fact that though nitroglycerin will only explode when given a very hard blow or touched by an electric spark, there is always a possibility that the grinding of exceptionally hard teeth might provide the necessary hard blow. Within the last few years at least three soldiers—two German and one Austrian—have been blown to bits, the use of cordite as a chewing gum being the suspected cause.

66, but Ferocious.

No European has ever been able to meet in their own dwelling places the Kukukubus, a shy, yet ferocious tribe of New Guinea. Other tribes of the country, while they have a great fear of the Kukukubus, manage to do a bartering trade with them. They bring salt, earthenware, dried fish, etc., and deposit them in a certain indicated place. They then retire for a few hours, being notified to do so by a curious cry from the distance. The mountain dwellers then descend to view the goods offered for sale. If they want them they put down other goods, such as skins, feathers and other jungle produce, next to those articles wanted by them. Then they retire in turn, and when the way seems clear the coastal dwellers approach again. If the latter are satisfied with what is offered in exchange they take the goods put down by the mountain people and go away; if not satisfied they return again as before with sturdy bands. — Argonaut.

Memory Erased by Sandbag.

Writing on "Confessions of Bolt Robbery and the Inactive Armada" in *One and Conquer*, Professor E. B. Delabarre of Brown University tells the interesting fact that a concussion or blow from a sandbag will erase and drive from the brain or the memory occurrences happening within from three to five hours previous to the concussion, but will not disturb the impressions on the mind of previous occurrences. The author describes the effectiveness of this knowledge in securing complete confessions from "self-robbed" individuals as follows: "I told the master over with J. B. Hume, at that time chief detective for Wells, Farnum & Co., and he forced a number of self-robbed agents who were short and reported sandbagging robbery, to confess because a sandbag would not show any marks, but as they in each case told all particulars up to the blow of the sandbag he made them own up."

A Blunder Transformed.

In the "Memoirs of the Prince Imperial," the ill-fated heir of Napoleon III., it is related that as the prince grew up he developed royal tact to a marked degree. On one occasion he met the well known author, Alberic Second, and, mistaking him for Marshal Lebeau, remarked, "I am delighted to shake the hand of a friend of my father." When informed of his mistake and seeing that Second was a little put out over it, he begged M. Flot to find him again and give him this message: "The prince knows he made a mistake, but has nothing to change in his phrase." "I managed to carry out my commission," adds M. Flot, "before many witnesses who, like myself, saw the delight of the amiable writer."

The Mystery.

Visitor—I understand that you had an amateur dramatic performance in the town hall last night?

Native—Yes. The Sock and Stock club played "Little Mac, or the Moonlight Mystery."

"Aha! And what was the mystery?"

"As near as I could make out the mystery was how the audience stood it off the last act was over." — London Tit-Bits.

Too Kind to Lose.

"Your husband is willing to allow you the custody of the automobile, the poodle and the rubber plant, with liberal alimony, while he takes the children and the graphophone."

Stop the divorce!

"I'll never get another husband like that." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Ring Difficult to Wear.

"What do you think? Maude's gentleman friend offered her an engagement ring by telephone and she accepted it."

"Well, she can do as she likes, but really, I do not believe that I should care to wear a telephone ring." — Christian Science Monitor.

Poetry.

Poetry written on both sides of the paper is never so good as that written only on one side. One reason is that it is only half as long. — New Orleans Picayune.

Going Down.

Gabe—He claims he is a descendant from a great family. State—Yes, and he is still descending. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Those who marry in haste often see better bargains at their leisure. — Judge.

Plenty of Change.

Fashionable Physician—What you really need is a change of climate. The Patient—Change of climate? Why, I've never had anything else! I've lived in New York all my life. — Life.

Height and weight.

A man five feet six inches in height should weigh 150 pounds at forty years. The average for a woman is 145.

A New Theory of Tide.

The shrewd explanation of the phenomenon of the tides that an old South Brooklyn fisherman gave is hereby recommended to the attention of scientific men. The Brooklyn Times reports it.

"Uncle Joe," said one asked him, "do you know what causes the tides?" The old man looked profound and admitted:

"Wait, I have some idea."

"Explain it to us, please."

Uncle Joe would not be hurried, but after some urging he answered:

"You've turned over in bed, I think likely?"

"Certainly."

"And when you went over the bedclothes kind of slipped round and slipped round and didn't get there at the same time you didn't?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the way of the tides. The old world slips round inside of the sea like a man under the bedclothes, and that's what makes the tides. It's easy enough after you understand it."

Not Celebrating.

There used to be a silly editor on Park row who was not exactly beloved by some of his men. His health failed and he obtained leave of absence of some weeks to go to Florida.

The staff decided to offer him a little farewell testimonial of regard, especially as his birthday chanced to fall on the date of his departure.

One of the copy readers, who was in charge of the fund, met in a cafe a former reporter for the paper, who had been discharged a few weeks before.

"Say," said the copy reader, "we're raising money to send a little floral design up to the old man's flat, and I thought maybe you might like to contribute, seeing as you used to work for him."

"I'll be tickled to death!" said the reporter. "Nothing could give me more pleasure. When's the funeral?"

"Funeral?" echoed the collector.

"These flowers are for his birthday!"

"Give me that dollar back," said the reporter emphatically. — Saturday Evening Post.

A Famous Pirate.

On the 23d of May, 1700, Captain William Kidd, the famous pirate, was executed at Execution dock, London. Several others of Kidd's company were executed with him. The summary putting to death of these pirates did much to rid the seas of piracy. Kidd, who was the most daring of all the pirates of history, exemplified the worst of his kind. Although his exploits have been greatly exaggerated, there is no doubt that he was guilty of desperate crimes. His daring led others to emulate him, and the commerce of the world suffered much because of the depredations of the pirates. England was the principal sufferer at the hands of the high sea raiders, and accordingly England was most interested in their capture. Kidd's execution began a new era of commercial safety on account of the greater security enjoyed by merchants on the high seas.

The Tongues of Belgium.

Belgium is largely a bilingual country and to a certain extent trilingual. This is indicated by official statistics, which indicate that 740,440 of the population more than fifteen years of age speak Flemish and French, that 65,637 speak French and Walloon and that 7,237 speak Walloon and Flemish. The three languages are spoken by 49,300, so that 819,014 of the inhabitants of Belgium are bilingual and 49,500 trilingual. The number of Belgians who speak only one language is 4,862, 142 and Flemish and French are pretty evenly divided between them, the speakers of French numbering 2,152, 937 and of Flemish 2,120,183. There are 6,646 returned as speaking none of the three languages in vogue in the country, but the medium in which they convey their thoughts is not indicated.

The Strawberry in Sacred Art.

When the old masters introduced the strawberry into their religious pictures it was because that stony, thornless fruit, with its chaste white blossoms and trifoliate leaves, was the symbol of perfect righteousness. The violet is usually seen with it, indicating that the truly fruitful soul is always humble. So says Elizabeth Haig in her "Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters."

No Compliment.

"Dining in a real home must seem pleasant after life in these restaurants," remarked the hostess, frowning openly for a compliment.

"It's a relief not to have to watch your hat and coat all the time," responded the dense old bachelor. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Worse to Come.

"The opposition candidate is perfectly wild. He says you have been telling lies about him."

"You just think he is perfectly wild until after my speech tomorrow I'm going to tell the truth about him." — Houston Post.

Cautious.

"Darling, do you love me for myself alone?" "Why, certainly, Charles. But you really have that \$50,000, haven't you?" — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Well Classified.

"How did you list the money that fortune teller got from you?" "I put it under the head of prophet and lost." — Baltimore American.

A Paternal Proposition.

"The government throws all the obsolete army weapons in the junk pile. They are unserviceable."

"Seems to me the government gives very little thought to pleasing its citizens."

How now?

"Think of the innocent joy that would result if they buried those weapons on the various battlefields for tourists to dig up." — Kansas City Journal.

Height and weight.

A man five feet six inches in height should weigh 150 pounds at forty years. The average for a woman is 145.

Cleare's Indictments.

Cleare's indictments and so perfectly impresses others. — Marden.

She—You have two club meetings each week—one for the old and one for the young men. Why is that?

He—Why, the young and the old don't mix any more. The old men are too lively for the young ones. — Eugene Walter.

— Atlanta Constitution.

"I'm not as hard as people say, because they're in my tether." I'm a milling proposition." — Quoth Satan in the Weather.

— Atlanta Constitution.

"She told me I mustn't hold her hand."

"When did she tell you that?"

"Oh, just after I had let go of it." — New York Evening World.

"She told me I mustn't hold her hand."

"Where are you going to spend the summer?"

"Somewhere where I shall not have to spend anything else." — Vogue.

"He thought her swell." And all of them until she called "A jacket's a 'tut'." — Judge.

Hampton—What is your ideal of happiness?

Heley—Have the garden soil I planted look like the pictures on the seed packets. — New York Commercial Advertiser.

Though White Ruth was young and green, Of course he thought he knew it all. That's why he bragged that he had been invited to a camp for tall.

— Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Work of the Dixer.

The gardener's conservation work is accomplished principally by means of the dowses he constructs. These dowses, we are told by Frank A. Still, author of "In Heaven's World" save soil, check erosion, reduce flood-damages, store water and help to sustain stream flow, provide waterholes for fish and are helpful in controlling deep waterways by reducing the extremes of both high and low water and also reduce the quantity of sediment carried down into the river channels. When we take into consideration the fact that at one time in the country's history the larger population was "upward of a hundred million" it is possible to realize what only have been accomplished by man during approximately three thousand years. Like other wild creatures of God, man and beast are suffered from the advances of civilization, though he was a prime factor in bringing this about.

Faithful Work.

One of the cherished heirlooms of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh was a Greek Testament that his great-grandfather, the Rev. John Brown, obtained under interesting circumstances.

The Rev. John began life as a herd lad on the braes of Abernethy, and while he was still teaching himself Greek he tramped one night to St. Andrews, twenty-four miles away, to buy a Greek Testament. The bookseller to whom he showed his ambition was inclined to laugh at him, but a professor who chanced to be in the shop took the coveted volume in his hand, opened it, and turned to the young herdsman.

"Buy," said he, "read this, and you shall have the book for nothing."

The boy acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his new friend and carried off the prize.

An Old, Old Question.

The servant question is not a new one, and were the gods Akiba still alive he might with right use his trumpet, "It has all been done before," in connection with the problem. This may be demonstrated by no less an authority than Goethe. In his "Wilhelm Meister," written in the latter days of the eighteenth century, there is a scene where the hero comes to the home of Therese, sent there by Lotthario and Jarno. Receiving Wilhelm, Therese asks to be excused because of her scant board: "My cook," she says, "just ran away at a most inopportune time, and our man mangialed his hand. I had to prepare all myself. Nothing bothers us more nowadays than servants; no one will serve, not even themselves."

A Queer Bargain.

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in the country to see if he could get some bait. He thought he could and started off. Three hours afterward he appeared with a tea quart gall-fall full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a wealth of bait, but they put on a bold front and some one asked, "How much do we owe you?" "Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man; "the ground is kinda solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em, but I've had a mind to go fishin' myself tomorrow, an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

The Best Testimony.

I would rather bear the experience of a lifelong sufferer on the problem of pain or of a faithful lover on the mystery of love or of a poet on the influence of natural beauty or of an unselfish and noble soul on the question of faith in the unseen, than the evidence of the most subtle theologian or metaphysician in the world.—Arthur C. Benson in "At Large."

Startling News.

New Yorker (at box office window)—Have you two orchestra seats in the fourth row, center, for tonight? Tick- et Seller—Yes sir, New Yorker (after recovering from the shock)—I guess I don't want them. The show can't be any good—Lipstick.

The Secret.

Mr. Garp—That romantic Miss Passo- ly there is a secret connected with her birth. Miss Pickles—So I've heard. It's the date.—New York Globe.

Alike One Way.

Bacon—Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch. Egbert—Well, I know both of them run down easily.—Yonkers Statesman.

Every is an awkward homage that inferiority pays to merit.—La Motte.

Preferred the Operation.

Doctor (after thoroughly examining patient)—I'm sorry, Mr. Gaylord, but I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you. Gaylord—Good heavens, doctor! Is it absolutely necessary? Doctor—Yes, unless you care to go to a warmer climate. Gaylord (misunderstanding him)—Oh, no! I think I prefer the operation.—Judge.

The Planet Mars.

As to the habitability of Mars, the planet popularly regarded as offering the nearest approach to a duplication of earthly conditions, Mr. Walter Maude, F. R. A. S. in "Are the Planets Inhabited?" is uncompromisingly negative. A consideration of the Martian temperature and atmosphere leads him to this conclusion:

"What we know of Mars shows us a planet icebound every night, but with a day temperature somewhat above freezing point. As we see it, we look upon its warmer regions, and the rapidity with which it is cleared of ice, snow and cloud shows the atmosphere to be rare and the moisture little in amount and readily evaporated. These are probably shallow depressions filled with ice to the bottom, but melted as to their surfaces by day. From the variety of this noted in the seas and the recurrent changes in their outlines, they are composed of congeries of shallow pools, fed by small, sluggish streams. Great ocean basins into which great rivers discharge themselves are quite unknown."

Had Planted a Quinceau.

The gardener's season has opened, and in the truly the most beautiful garden talk was in progress. "Have you got a quinceau in your garden?" asked the quiet man in the corner. There was a dead pause. "A quinceau, you mean?" suggested the botanist, politely. "No, a quinceau." "Ah, they're no good here," said the next man, confidently; "won't bloom in this soil, you'll find."

"I'm surprised you haven't got one," said the quiet man. "It was the first thing I planted after I left out my garden—been quite a success with me!" "How do you spell the name?" asked a novice (only three months married), respectfully determined to look up the catalogues at once. "But it was the common, not garden, dictionary that enlightened him. There was this Manchester Guardian: he learned that a quinceau was the arrangement of five trees or plants, one at each of four corners and one in the middle. Next morning all the talk was of golf handi- ways.

"Thirteen" Pursued Him.

When the misfortunes of Gustav Adolf IV of Sweden were on him the king pointed out to the queen how the number thirteen had influenced his life. "Even the name Gustav Adolf IV is thirteen letters." "I am the thirteenth king of Sweden from the time of Gustavus Wasa. At the age of thirteen I became king, and I reigned thirteen years after attaining my majority. I was made a prisoner on the 13th of March. It is now twenty-two times thirteen since Gustavus Wasa was elected king of Sweden in 1623, and seventeen times thirteen years since the death of Charles XII. In 1718; these added together produce the number 1899, the current year."

"If you transpose the numbers one and three, which stand for thirteen, you make thirty-one, which is precisely my age now."

Curiously enough he died in room No. 13 at the Welsche Tossell, St. Gallen—the date, Feb. 7, 1899.—"An Exiled King."

High Price For Straightness.

One of the most difficult problems in practical mechanics is to make a straight edge. How difficult it is may be judged from an incident that occurred in the shop of a celebrated astronomical instrument maker.

A patroon asked what would be the price of "a perfect straight edge of glass thirty-six inches long."

"It cannot be made perfect," said the instrument maker, "but it could probably be made with a kind of error amounting to only a fraction of a wave length of light."

How much would that cost?

"About \$40,000."

It turned out that the customer wanted the straight edge for a scraper and that an error of one sixtieth of an inch would not bother him.—St. Louis Republic.

The Water Vine.

Containing a quart of clear, pure water to every foot, the water vine, a black, snake-like, leafless stem, dropping from the celsa and mahogany trees to which it has climbed, is one of the wonders of the Guatamala jungle. When the stem is cut the water spurts forth in a refreshing stream. Moisture is drawn up from the soil and filtered through the pores of the plant.

Must Be High Class.

You have a beautiful manor house, but you ought to have a little village for the peasants as we do in England. It adds to the landscape."

"All right," said the multimillionaire, "but it must be a restricted affair. No peasant admitted, earning less than \$5,000 a year."—Kansas City Journal.

His Misfortune.

"You have no one to blame but yourself for your unlucky business ventures," said the stern parent. "I advised you to look before you leaped."

"I did look, dad," explained the repentant son, "and I didn't leap. I got dizzy and fell."—Buffalo Express.

An Awful Threat.

Father—You have no sense. I'm going to cut you off with a million. The Son—if you do I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second hand auto.—New York Globe.

A Starter.

Jack Maket—How can we marry? I'm only worth \$15,000, and that wouldn't buy your clothes. May Spendit—Oh, yes, it would. Ja-k, for nearly five years!—Lipstick.

Warned Both Ways.

Hub—I must go out tonight, my love. Engagement with a customer. Wife—Very well, but don't be gone long and Hub—And what? Wife—Don't come home short.—Boston Transcript.

Preferred the Operation.

Doctor (after thoroughly examining patient)—I'm sorry, Mr. Gaylord, but I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you. Gaylord—Good heavens, doctor! Is it absolutely necessary? Doctor—Yes, unless you care to go to a warmer climate. Gaylord (misunderstanding him)—Oh, no! I think I prefer the operation.—Judge.

The Searchlight and Fog.

It will be noticed on a foggy night that the beam of a searchlight seems abruptly to come to an end if the light is pointed upward. On the other hand, if the beam be directed horizontally it will gradually fade away into nothing. Why should the vertical beam behave in this curious way? The reason is not far to seek. Where the end of the beam needs to be at just that point does the fog end; for the beam cannot be visible to us unless there are small particles in its path. The circumstance is of great assistance to sailors in judging the state of the weather, since they can determine the thickness or depth of the fog. They can also tell by the behavior of the beam horizontally whether the fog is of great extent or whether it exists only in patches. If the fog extends a great distance then the beam will become gradually more and more dim. If the fog exists only in patches, then the beam is lighter in patches, and if it proceeds through a place where there is no fog at all that part of the beam will be black or invisible.—Harper's.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

(by tradition in Portsmouth, R. I.,
and died Sept. 25, 1827, in Westport,
Mass. See *Ind. about 1740*, Joseph
Hicks of Dartmouth, Mass.—F. T. H.)

A Great Harvest.

What the Summer Resort Business Means
For New England.

New England is undoubtedly during
this year the greatest summer resort
business in her history. Figures com-
piled by the New England Lines would
indicate that about 1,400,000 people
spent their vacation within the coun-
ties of New England in the year 1912,
and the reports so far show that this
number will probably be greatly ex-
ceeded this year.

The railroads operating in New Eng-
land try every year to get on their lists
every hotel and boarding house open to
summer boarders. A compilation
based on these lists and covering all
the railroads shows that last year there
were 4,600 hotels and boarding houses
in New England with a total capacity
of 222,141 persons. For the total num-
ber of persons accommodated it would
probably be fair to multiply the total
capacity by six, figuring on the average
vacation being two weeks, and the
season to consist of twelve weeks. This
would give 1,882,846 persons accommodated
in the season. Estimates based
on these figures and from the reports of
hotel keepers would place the amount
spent by these vacationists at, roughly,
\$100,000,000.

"That the summer resort business is
one of New England's leading indus-
tries is reflected when comparison is
made with her agricultural figures.
The total value of all of New England's
crops in 1909, as given by the Census,
was \$14,118,829. The total value of
her dairy products in the same year
was \$50,720,768, or about half the esti-
mated amount which summer visitors
spent last year.

There is probably no other region of
this country where so much is spent
annually from summer boarders.

The compilation made showed that
last year Maine had 1,285 hotels and
boarding houses with a total capacity
of 69,078; New Hampshire had 1,167
with a total capacity 56,983; Vermont
had 518 with a capacity of 9,101; Mas-
sachusetts had 695 with a capacity of
44,876; Rhode Island 193 with a capacity
of 15,400 and Connecticut 618 with
a capacity of 27,846.

There were 1,650 hotels and boarding
houses reached by the New Haven
railroad, 1,622 by the Boston and Maine
and 1,242 by the Maine Central. The
remainder of the 4,600 hotels and board-
ing houses are reached by the other
railroads operating in New England.

State College Notes.

The campus presents a scene of activity.
Work on the new Science Building
is going on apace. Mortar boards have
been placed on all stories above the
basement and the upper story has re-
ceived its final coat of mortar. Unavoidable
delays, some of which were due to
inability to get four sticks of timber
promptly, will prevent the completion of
the new building before the middle of
September, but it is expected to be in
readiness for the opening of the college
year.

The taking on of another large building
like Science Hall necessitates en-
larging the central heating and lighting
plant. The dynamo and storage bat-
tery are now in the basement of Ll-
piti Hall while the boiler house stands
in the rear of that hall. This house will
be enlarged by the erection of a one
story stone addition which will furnish
a space 82 x 24 ft. Here will be placed
an additional boiler for heating and an
upright boiler for teaching purposes.
The lighting plant will also be removed
here and such additional apparatus as
may be necessary will be installed. The
addition will also provide for a work
room 12 x 18 ft. The removal of the
dynamo will give room for the ex-
pansion of the department of mechanical
engineering which has been cramped
for some time.

Work on other buildings is progressing
satisfactorily. The new house for the
Beta-Phi fraternity, now being
erected on the campus near Prof.
Adams' residence, will be ready for the
plasterers in a few days, as will also
the houses of Prof. Stene and Wales
on College Road.

Pres. Edwars' home near Narrow
River is being connected by telephone.

Mr. F. L. Gidlin who has been in
charge of the green house is spending his
vacation at his home in Michigan.

Dykes, Francis, Newport Mariner,
Will Dated Aug. 23, 1766. Proved Feb.
7, 1768. Executor wife Sarah Dykes,
p. 140. Inventory Feb. 1, 1768.—p. 140. In-
ventory end of p. 143. Account
May 1, 1768.—p. 150.

Dumay, Mary, Newport widow,
Admin., to Thomas Alaworth of Scit-
uate, R. I., May 11, 1768, p. 165. In-
ventory, May 11, 1768. Account by
Thomas Alaworth, administrator, Sep.
3, 1769, p. 205.

Duncombe, —, Newport Widow,
Admin., to Job Townsend, town trea-
surer, Aug. 8, 1768.—p. 167.

Dunham, Daniel, Newport House
carpenter, Will Dated—12, 1760. Rec.
Mar. 7, 1768. Executor, wife Sarah
Dunham, granted Mar. 8, 1768.—p. 145.

Dykes, Francis, Newport Mariner,
Will Dated Aug. 23, 1766. Proved Feb.
7, 1768. Executor wife Sarah Dykes,
p. 140. Inventory Feb. 1, 1768.—p. 140. In-
ventory end of p. 143. Account
May 1, 1768.—p. 150.

Easton, Thomas, Newport "An
Indian Man" Admin., to widow Mary
Easton, Jan. 3, 1767, p. 80. Inventory
presented Jan. 1, 1767.

Edmunds, Thomas, Inventory pre-
sented Nov. 6, 1768.—p. 230.

Egerton, M. R., Admin., to Job
Townsend, Treas., Mar. 5, 1769.—p.
175.

Enie, Tobias, Newport Mariner,
Admin., to John Bagg, Cooper, Oct.
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To be continued.

Queries.

7428. EVEREDE—Name and an-
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Providence, R. I., as early as 1686,
where he died before 1687.—F. T. H.

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7430. HARDING—Ancestry of De-
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7431. HARDING—Ancestry of Brid-
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7432. HARRIS—Ancestry of Eliza-
beth, wife of Thomas (1) Harris of
Providence, R. I. He died in 1686,
she after that date.—F. T. H.

7433. HICKS, MANCHESTER—An-
cestry of Sarah Manchester, wife of
Garrison (4) Hicks (Joseph (3) Samuel (2)
Robert (1)) of Dartmouth, Mass.—F.
T. H.

7434. HICKS, WAITE—Ancestry of
Elizabeth Waite, born Jan. 20, 1727,

Responsible For Wreck in Which
Fourteen Lives Were Lost

Los Angeles, Cal., July 17.—Blame for the Pacific Electric rail-
way wreck last Sunday night, when
fourteen persons were killed and 150
injured in a collision of trains run-
ning from Los Angeles to the ocean,
was declared by a coroner's jury to
rest with the railroad company.

The verdict charged that the trains
were operated too closely together,
that the cars were overcrowded and
that the employees were unacquainted
with the traffic rules.

Fifteen Months For Polygamy

Boston, July 17.—Victor M. Smoot,
the son of former State Senator
Smoot of Texas, was sentenced to
fifteen months in the house of cor-
rection for polygamy.

Smoot, wife of Abraham (2) Hard-
ing (Stephen (1)) of Providence, R. I.

She married second, Moses Bartlett.—
F. T. H.

Elizabeth Waite, born Jan. 20, 1727,

and died Sept. 25, 1827, in Westport,
Mass. See *Ind. about 1740*, Joseph
Hicks of Dartmouth, Mass.—F. T. H.

Direct all communications to
MRS. E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1913.

NOTES.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as possible.
4. State as concisely as possible the question.
5. Give the date of the paper, the name of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, etc., before being sent, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

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